

An Epitaph, or funerall inscription, vpon the godlie life and death of the Right  
*worshipfull Maister William Lambe Esquire, Founder of the new Conduit in Hol-*  
*borne, &c. Deceased the one and twentieth of April, and intumbd in S. Faiths Church*  
*vnder Pavvles, the sixt of Maie next and immediatly following.*  
 Anno. 1580. Deuised by *Abraham Fleming.*

\*Esaie. 40. 6.  
 Eccl. 1. 17. 18  
 1. Pet. 1. 24.  
 James. 1. 10.  
 and in many  
 places more,  
 this with the  
 like compari-  
 sons are visu-  
 all.



All flesh is grasse, the \* Scripture saith, and vadeth like a flowre,  
 And nothing to be permanent, can vaunt it hath the powre.  
 The fairest and the foulest thing, that any man can name,  
 Hath but a time to liue and die, in honour or in shame.

No artificiall workmanship, no notable deuise,  
 No valiant act, no noble dede, no puissant enterprize,  
 But as in time triumphantly, it challengeth renowne,  
 Euen so in time from honours hight, at last it tumbledowne.  
 The doubtfull state of mortall man, an argument may bee,  
 That nothing is perpetuall, which glansing eie doeth see,  
 But transitorie, fraile, and vaine, as time demandes his fee.

\* An allusion to  
 the consum-  
 mation of this  
 world, when  
 all things that  
 passe away &  
 vauish.

The Sunne & Moone \* shall haue their chaunge, though gloriously they shine,  
 The glistering Starres in firmament, from brightnes shall decline,  
 The scattered cloudes, like winding worme, or scorched parchment scroll,  
 Shall shrink together, as in skies they are constrained to roll.

Then, sith celestiaall creatures state, so alterable is,  
 That vaine we count each earthlie thing, I iudge it not amis.  
 We see the seasons of the yeare, successiue insue,  
 First nipping Winters blustering blasts, with frosts as stiffe as glue,  
 Then pleasant Spring with colours clad, of yellow, greene, and blue:  
 Next which comes ripening Summer in, and then doth follow last,  
 Quicke Haruest for the husbandman, to acquite his charges past,  
 No time hath this prerogative, for euermore to last.

\* The like  
 speech is in  
 Tullies Epistles  
 familiar, writ-  
 ten by Salpi-  
 cius to Cicero,  
 touching the  
 death of his  
 daughter Tul-  
 lia, wife to  
 Dolabella.

Lo thus in circle runs the yeare, with compasse round about,  
 And his appointed age the world, by portions weareth out.  
 Count what we can most excellent, needes must it haue an ende,  
 Against decay there is no force, nor fortresse to defende.

How \* many Cities stately built, of timber, lime and stone,  
 Are come to naught, and in their place a desert left alone:

Pompe maketh not perpetuall, although it beare a port,  
 A Baigame I may name it well, a pastime and a sport,  
 Whose glorie glides and slips away, whose pleasure is but short.

Like Plaiers in an Enterlude, vpon a common stage,  
 One representing lustie youth, another crooked age,  
 One royall Principallitie, another Courtlie state,  
 One like a Iudge doth sit on bench, another begges at gate,  
 Thus counterfet they all degrees, untill the play be done:

Euen so is man vpon the earth, since first his stocke begonne.  
 For Adam, though he liued long, yet dead he was at last,

The Patriarchs and Prophets olde, their pilgrimage haue past:  
 Kings haue resigned by their crownes, and titles of their thrones,

And many a politike Governour in graue hath laid his bones,  
 This proue the \* sundrie writings set, on their Sepulchre stones.

\* Memoria's  
 of their mor-  
 talitie which  
 sometime li-  
 ued in all kind  
 of felicitie.

The wisdom of the wise is vaine, the strong mans strength a toy,  
 If they by them as instruments, seeke length of life to enjoy:

And as for wealth, it is but winde, for riches haue no holde,

The monied man must thinke to die, if once he weareth olde.  
 Lo, lo, a present patterne here, all you that list to learne,  
 By viewing of this corps corrupt, what you shall be discearne.  
 Sometime he was, as others be, a quicke and liuing man,  
 But wounded with the dart of death, reuiue him nothing can.  
 His youthfull yeares, as others haue, this good Esquire hath had,  
 And crooked age by creeping on, with weakenesse sicke and sad,  
 In winding sheete at head and fote, fast knit his corpes hath clad.  
 Rich in his life, \* poore at his death, a steward of the Lordes,  
 His talent Christianly laide out, with Gods good will accordes.  
 And as in th' Actes, Cornelius deedes, beare witnesse of his faith,  
 (For outward workes before the world, beleefe within beareth aith:)

\* For I haue  
 heard it cre-  
 dibly repor-  
 ted, that he  
 left little or  
 nothing vnde-  
 ributed.

So this religious Gentleman, a Patrone to the poore,  
 In allies and in lanes abroad, at home in th' entrie doore,  
 In open streete, in holic Church, in many a corners crooke,  
 (Where, for the poore and impotent, whom kith and kin forsooke,  
 With charitable zeale inflamde, this lowelie Lambe did looke,)  
 His almes he hath distributed, and giuen as he saue neede,  
 Cloth for the backe, meate for the mouth, the hungrie soule to fede.  
 As louing as a Lambe he liud, and berisde his name,  
 He was an eie vnto the blind, a legge vnto the lame,  
 A comfort to the comfortles, a succour to the sicke,  
 A father to the fatherles, whome nipping neede did picke,  
 A husband to the desolate, and widowe left alone,  
 A fauourer and a friend to all, an enemie to none.

Now \* such as had his wolle to weare, lament of him the lacke,  
 His flesh did fill their bellies full, his fleese kept warme their backe,  
 His pence and pounds preserved them, from many a wringing wracke,  
 No melle of mercie was in him, for iointly hart and hand,  
 Were pliant to supplie the wantes, of many in this land.

\* Poore peo-  
 ple shall soue-  
 ree the losse  
 of this Lambe  
 by the lacke  
 of their relief.

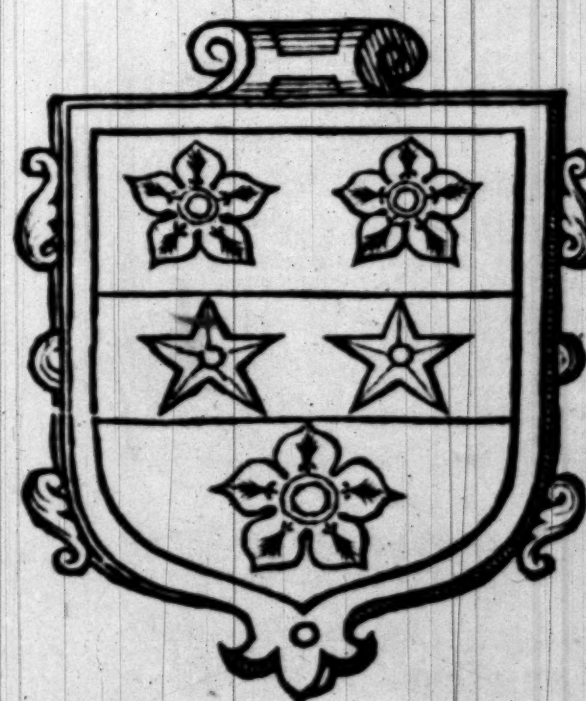
For this he knew, by giuing them, he lent vnto the Lord:  
 His humblenes no homelines, of sicklie soule abhord.  
 So that I may conclude of him, as needes conclude I must,  
 If workes may simply of themselves, make righteous men and iust,  
 (Which I denie, for vnto faith this office is assinde:)

Then is he sanctified from sinne, and cleansd in hart and minde.  
 The fruites of faith which flourished, in him whiles he did liue,  
 His diuerse distributions, and giftes which he did giue,  
 The monuments which he hath left, behind him being ded,  
 Are signes that \* Christ our Shepherd hath, vnto his shepfold led,  
 This louing Lambe, who like a Lambe didd makely in his bed:  
 His bodie buried in the ground, there to consume to dust,  
 His soule in Abrahams bosome restes, in quietnesse I trust:  
 A place allotted vnto Lambs, there to possesse in peace,  
 Such blessings as this Lambe enioyes, whose like the Lord increase,  
 For Iesus sake the spotlesse Lambe. And here my penne shall cease.

\* For Christ  
 will repay y  
 thou and fold,  
 which is gi-  
 uen to y suc-  
 courles.



As Euening shadowe slides,  
 And Seas do varie tides,  
 So all the pranking prides,  
 Of worldlie glorie glides:  
 Gods worde, the guide of guides,  
 For euermore abides.



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